

TO-NIGHT

Harry, you know at night  
The larks in Castle Alley  
Sing from the attic's height  
As if the electric light  
Were the true sun above a summer valley:  
Whistle, don't knock, to-night.

I shall come early, Kate;  
And we in Castle Alley  
Will sit close out of sight  
Alone, and ask no light  
Of lamp or sun above a summer valley:  
To-night I can stay late.